

1964

## CONGRESSIONAL RECORD — APPENDIX

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carpenter labor. Thousands of mortgage lenders who never knew that green lumber meant moisture content instead of color now know that houses framed with green lumber aren't quite as good; thousands of appraisers now think that houses framed with green lumber should get a lower appraisal; and today even customers are beginning to get wise and ask questions about moisture content they never asked before.

I don't think all this new awareness of the difference between green and dry is going to be much help to you.

However, there's no use wasting any more time worrying about split milk. What we should be taking counsel together about this morning is what the smart thing for you to do next would be.

To that end, I'm going to offer four suggestions:

First, I'd call off the civil war right here and now before it gets any more publicity. 1½ inches dry lumber is a dead issue now, whether the American standard stays 1½ inches or changes to 1½ inches. Any more publicity you give the green-vs-dry battle will just be bad for you.

Second, I'd make as long a list as you can make of the many uses for which green lumber is just as good as dry lumber, and when you make your peace with the rest of the lumber industry I'd insist that one of the first articles of the peace settlement should be their promise to give green lumber what the radio people call equal time and to promote green lumber for use where green lumber becoms just as hard as they promote dry lumber where dry lumber is worth its higher cost.

Third, I would repeat to you the best of all political advice—"If you can't beat 'em, join 'em." I'm pretty sure that in the next few years the market for dry lumber will grow faster than the market for green lumber, so it should be smart for as many of you as possible to get over into the dry lumber market and put in drying equipment yourselves. I'm told that drying equipment for three carloads a day can cost as little as \$50,000, and I can't think of a better investment you could make.

And, finally, I would urge you just as strongly as I possibly can to close ranks with the rest of the lumber industry to fight the battle of wood—dry wood and green wood together—against the new industries that now challenging wood's age-old eminence as the one best material for homebuilding.

Twenty years ago wood had a near monopoly of the housing market. In fact, 20 years ago it could almost be said that the homebuilding industry was really a part of the lumber industry, or perhaps you might have called it the construction division of the lumber industry.

Today, that monopoly is gone. Wood is being challenged for almost every use in homebuilding—challenged by steel, challenged by aluminum, challenged by glass, challenged by plastics, challenged by concrete. All these industries are challenging wood with materials that are more precisely engineered, so whatever is good in them can be utilized more efficiently.

So the one best way for everybody in the lumber industry to make more sales and make more profits is to work together to make an engineered product too and then to make every homebuilder, every home mortgage lender, every home appraiser, every home salesman, and every home buyer believe that wood is the one best material and the one most economical material with which to build better, more salable, more livable homes.

## A Confusing Story: Missiles Still Red, and Aimed

### EXTENSION OF REMARKS

OF

HON. BOB WILSON

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, May 19, 1964

Mr. BOB WILSON. Mr. Speaker, under the leave to extend by remarks in the RECORD, I include the following editorial from the San Diego Union entitled, "Missiles Still Red, and Aimed":

[From the San Diego Union, May 7, 1964]

#### A CONFUSING STORY—MISSILES STILL RED, AND AIMED

There is a peculiar theory being pushed these days by the radical liberals in Washington. They would have us believe the Russian influence in Cuba actually is to our advantage.

They say, in effect, the Russians are disturbed by Fidel Castro and that they, the Russians, want to control any pushbuttons that might trigger nuclear war with the United States.

Then came the reports the Soviet had pulled out all but second rate nuclear weapons from Cuba. The story was leaked from the State Department, then denied by the Defense Department.

The conflicting stories from two branches of Government left the American public in abject confusion. The principal question asked was whether the Soviet still would support Cuba if the latter country resorted to its missiles to attack U.S. reconnaissance planes?

The Soviet, although it has worries about Castro, would be ideologically prone to go to his aid. Realistically, the Soviet would write Castro off as a bad investment in the event this Nation was forced to take decisive action.

This country must not forget the Cuban crisis was fired by the Soviet. Russian missiles on Cuban bases are not there because of Castro's influence but because, through Castro, the Soviet had found an easy way of aiming its missiles at the United States.

The fact remains that Castro has missiles. These are missiles that were placed there by Communist Russia. Whether the men responsible for pulling the trigger are Russian or Cubans is of no consequence. The trigger, and the missiles, remain.

Castro's Cuba remains off the very near shores of America. The proximity of the issue cannot be denied by long-range blueprints that indicate establishment of a lifeline between the United States and the Soviet.

We are getting too intimate, diplomatically, with the Russians in Cuba. They still have missile bases there. The potential of these bases is a matter of debate. But the striking power exists.

It is easy to ignore an enemy on the threshold because he carries the credentials of neighborliness. This is the effort being made by Khrushchev. The radical liberals in Government would pursue this policy.

We cannot get friendly with Cuba. What do we do? It would be wise at this point to firmly restate the Monroe Doctrine and all its implications.

Castro will understand such strong language. And so will Khrushchev.

## Arthur Hoppe's Columns

### EXTENSION OF REMARKS

OF

HON. J. ARTHUR YOUNGER

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, May 19, 1964

Mr. YOUNGER. Mr. Speaker, political personalities here in Washington and across the country in California vary to a noticeable degree. However, each fits well into the satirical scene as Art Hoppe sees it.

Three recent columns which appeared in the San Francisco Chronicle follow:

LET'S HEAR IT FOR L.B.J.—YELP! YELP! YELP!

(By Arthur Hoppe)

You have to hand it to Mr. Johnson. Some thought him a compromiser, a man who'd back down in a tight spot. But, no sir, with unswerving devotion to principle he has defied public opinion to do what he believes right: He's picked up that dog of his by the ears again.

This placing principle above popularity is undeniably the sign of true leadership. For it's Mr. Johnson's principle, as you know, to make dogs yelp. Because, he says, a yelping dog dangling by its ears is a happy dog.

Unfortunately, the first time he displayed this principle it did not exactly catch on with dog lovers. Many envisioned Mr. Johnson putting his happy dog to bed. On the clothesline. And it was the rare parent who, on catching a small son dragging a yowling puppy around by the ears, cried: "Oh, joy, some day he will grow up to be President."

Personally, I figured Mr. Johnson would wilt under the blast and take the easy way out. Perhaps a discreet ad in the classified: "Free to good home. Two beagles. Very long ears." And there'd be a lot of pictures of our President climbing ladders to put poor little baby birds back in their nests.

So imagine my stunned surprise to come across another photo of Mr. Johnson lifting up his dog-eared beagle once again. How I had misjudged the steely backbone of the man. How imbued he is with the spirit of true leadership. How, then, did he ever get elected anything in the first place?

For, if you ask me, true leaders seldom get anywhere in our political system. Oh, a politician can stand firm on principle. Just as long as it's a popular principle. But if he happens to believe in an unpopular principle, he's either got to compromise or find honest work.

Yet here was Mr. Johnson, who has risen to the very top in politics, publicly upholding a clearly unpopular principle. Here was an iron-willed leader who spurned wishy-washy compromise, who grimly seized an issue and yanked it up before public view despite the howls.

Just a minute. This time, I notice, the dog didn't yelp. This time, I see, the dog's hind feet remained firmly on the ground. Indeed, the story flatly says that Mr. Johnson, unlike before, didn't exactly dangle the dog in midair by the ears. But merely lifted it up "into a standing position." Or kind of halfway up.

Thank heavens. What a magnificent compromise with principle. It restores my faith in our whole political system.

And I'm glad. For I happen to believe the great thing about our system is that it doesn't

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produce true leaders. I mean the kind who defy opinion to do what they think is good for us.

No sir. The trouble with true leaders is that they always want to lift up us common people and make us happy. Their way. And I say the best thing to do when one comes along is to clap both hands over your ears.

SOMBER PIERRE OR HAPPY AL?

(By Arthur Hoppe)

Mr. Pierre Salinger and Mr. Alan Cranston are both waging typical modern campaigns for the Senate nomination. And it looks as though Democratic voters will have a difficult choice to make on June 2.

Yes, they will have to choose between a warm, colorful, jolly sort, and a sober, serious, thoughtful type. And the difficult decision they will have to make, of course, is which candidate is which.

Oh, I know the distinction was clear in the beginning. Mr. Salinger, sometimes called "Portly Pierre," was clearly the joyous man's candidate. And Mr. Cranston, our State controller, was just as clearly the thinking man's candidate. But have you seen them lately?

Mr. Salinger is going around in dark suits, neatly buttoned vests, and black ties. And when he looks sincerely into your eyes as he grimly shakes your hand, your kind of want to express condolences for whomever it was who died.

And Mr. Cranston. When last heard of, he was up on the stage at a local political gathering singing, so help me: "Alan's campaign is a roller. Can't you see him in a bowler? Who will be the next controller?" And so forth.

A bowler? It was, I suppose, inevitable. For as soon as the campaign started, both candidates naturally hired public relations men to work on their images. And the first thing a public relations man does about a candidate's image is, naturally, change it.

It never matters what it is. Are you warm, colorful, jolly? "Look," says your public relation man, "you want the voters to think you're a good-time Charlie? You got to get out there and be sober, serious, thoughtful. From now on, wear shoes two sizes too small and speak statistics."

Or perhaps you are sober, serious, thoughtful? "For crying out loud," says your public relations man, looking you over. "A voter would as lief identify with you as with the great depression. You got to be warm, colorful, jolly. Bone up on Joe Miller's Joke Book. Learn to play the ocarina while smoking a big cigar. And maybe you'll be a Senator yet."

Naturally, both candidates are working hard. And you can even now envision the climax of this modern campaign as both saturate television on election eve with 60-second spots:

"Hi there, folks," cries Mr. Cranston, wearing a lampshade, putty nose, and spats as he comes on camera doing a buck and wing. "This is, ha, ha, Al (Chuckles) Cranston, your happy-go-lucky controller, bringing you, ho, ho, songs and patter. Now, a funny thing happened to me on my way to the Senate."

So you switch stations and there's Mr. Salinger, hands clasped in front of his heart. "Dear friends," he begins somberly, "we are gathered on this sad occasion to mourn the .0082 salinity content per 843,817 acre feet condoned by the 1878 Treaty of Tijuana and."

Which all goes to show that the prime purpose of the modern campaign is to give each candidate a chance to prove to the voters that, whatever he may be, he isn't. Let's wish them all lots of luck.

ANY NEWS IS GOOD NEWS—ELBIE JAY

(By Arthur Hoppe)

Howdy there, folks. How y'all. It's time for another visit with "just plain folks" the

rib-tickling tee-vee adventures of the Jay family, starring ol' Elbie Jay, the friendliest wrangler ever to wrangle his way on to the front page. Daily.

As we join up with ol' Elbie tonight, he and his pretty wife, Birdie Bird, are just settling down to sleep.

BIRDIE BIRD. You look a mite tired tonight, Elbie.

ELBIE. Well, I don't mind confiding that the very important affairs of state sometimes get a man down. And today I had a terrible setback.

BIRDIE BIRD (worriedly). Another coup in Vietnam? More threats from Castro? Or is that poverty's winning the war?

ELBIE (glumly). Worse. The afternoon paper used that picture of me crowning Miss Greater East Yonkers Prune Festival. On page 37.

BIRDIE BIRD (aghast). No.

ELBIE (dejectedly). Yep. That's a 36-page setback. A dog act is sure tough to follow.

BIRDIE BIRD. Well, you just got to try a bit harder to make news. Maybe if you had a new kind of press conference?

ELBIE. I reckon you're right. But they're getting a bit hard to think up. I thought all through my daily breakfast press conference, my daily follow-up press conference while shaving and my daily mid-morning lunch, and coffee-break press conferences. And I couldn't think up nary a thing.

BIRDIE BIRD. Let's see. How about a press conference while doing seven laps around the house?

ELBIE. Now, you know I've done that a dozen times. And the fatter reporters are getting kind of petulant.

BIRDIE BIRD. Maybe in your car, then. Driving down the road.

ELBIE. You trying to pick a quarrel?

BIRDIE BIRD. I forgot. Well, you've tried holding them in your office, the Rose Garden, the press office, the State Department Auditorium, the lawn. I did like that one you had for the reporters and their children on the lawn with pink lemonade.

ELBIE. Wasn't that a dilly? It's too bad I had to chalk off that next one for reporters and their moms. But the orphans in the press corps started complaining about news management. And, leaping lizards, I didn't want to be mean to orphans.

BIRDIE BIRD. Well, Elbie, don't you fret. You know you think better when you relax. Maybe something will come to you tomorrow when you're skinny dipping in the pool.

ELBIE (elatedly). Skinny dipping. That's it. Talk about maximum exposure. You solved my problems.

BIRDIE BIRD. That's fine. Good night, Elbie.

ELBIE. Good night, Birdie Bird. And good night, Merriman. Good night, Scotty. And all you other fine newspaper fellows. Hope you're comfy there on the floor. But don't doze off. Like I told you at my after-dinner press conference, I talk in my sleep. And I don't want you boys to miss a word.

Will Elbie suffer from overexposure? Will the press? What next? Tune in again soon, friends. And meanwhile, as you mosey down life's long trail, remember what Elbie's ol' granddaddy used to say: "What is a man proffited who gains the whole world? If he don't get good press notices."

### Foreign Aid and Health

#### EXTENSION OF REMARKS

OF

HON. ROBERT R. BARRY

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, May 19, 1964

Mr. BARRY. Mr. Speaker, there is a great diversity of views in this country

on foreign aid and perhaps because not enough is said about its actual accomplishments. In the following article from the New York Times a doctor speaks out on the rich rewards of the U.S. foreign assistance program through helping to wipe out disease throughout the world.

The article follows:

[From the New York Times, Sunday, May 10, 1964]

U.S. AID AND HEALTH—PROGRAM HAS REAPED RICH REWARDS IN WAR ON DISEASE THROUGHOUT WORLD

(By Howard A. Rusk, M.D.)

Last week, Sol Linowitz, chairman of the Xerox Corp., announced plans for the formation of a citizens committee to support the U.S. foreign aid program. This is an encouraging action, for there is probably no aspect of our Government that is as misunderstood as our foreign aid program.

For the fiscal year beginning next July 1, President Johnson has recommended an appropriation of \$3.4 billion. Of this, \$2.4 billion would be for economic aid and \$1 billion for military assistance.

Of the \$2.4 billion for economic aid, \$225 million would be devoted to technical co-operation in Africa, the Near East, south Asia and the Far East, and \$85 million to the Alliance for Progress.

Some of these funds would be used to pay the salaries of experts and other technicians; to finance contracts with American universities, private firms and other institutions and to provide demonstration equipment and commodities needed by these experts and contractors.

#### DIVIDENDS IN HEALTH

Other projects would include the financing of the training of teachers, health workers, agriculture experts and other consultants and the operation of programs in industrial development, public safety, public administration, transportation, housing, agriculture, and health.

There is probably no aspect of our foreign aid program which has earned such rich dividends as our activities in the field of health. As Secretary of State Dean Rusk testified last month before a House committee:

"The doctor with his mobile health unit, the technician who frees a village from measles, the agricultural specialist and the teacher are to millions of people in the world the symbol of America."

Measles in West Africa, for example, have long been recognized as a major cause of mortality. They are responsible for the death of about one of every four or five children.

This high mortality rate is probably due to nutritional deficiencies, malaria, and parasitic diseases, combined with unfavorable climate and hygienic factors.

#### MEASLES ARRESTED

In a 5-month cooperative project of the Ministry of Health, Upper Volta, the National Institutes of Health and the Agency for International Development, 731,000 children in Upper Volta were vaccinated against measles. As a result, the spread of measles appears to be stopped and thousands of lives have been saved.

The program has now been extended on a demonstration basis to the Ivory Coast, Dahomey, Niger, Guinea, Senegal, and Mauritania. The total cost of the program, exclusive of the vaccine, which was contributed, was approximately 14 cents a child.

Health projects often demonstrate to the people—frequently for the first time—that their governments actually serve them rather than exploit them.

Today, for example, the number of cases of malaria throughout the world has declined from 350 million to less than 100 million annually.